

The Ruined Lovers.

Being a rare Narrative of a young Man that dy'd for his Mistriss in June last, who not long after his Death, upon consideration of his intire Affection, and her own Coyness, could not be comforted, but linger'd out her days in Melancholy, till desperate sick and so dyed.
To the Tune of, *Attock-Beggars Hall stands empty.*



Mars shall to Cupid now submit,
for he hath gain'd the glory,
You that in love were never yet,
attend unto my story:
for it is new, 'tis strange and true,
as ever age afforded,
A tale more sad, you never had,
in any Books recorded.

A Young Man lately lov'd a Maid,
more than his life or fortune;
And in her Ears the same convey'd,
for thus he did importune:
Dear, pity me, the lover cry'd
Sweet let thy heart come to me,
And often said unto the Maid,
love me or you'll undo me.

I never was engag'd before.
I must and will be true to thee,
Love never made me cry and roar,
until I saw thy Beauty.
No creature cou'd of flesh and blood,
bring more delight unto me;
Makes me to cry perpetually,
love me or you'll undo me.

He made Addresses to the Maid,
and proffered to advance her,
I cannot love thee, then she said,
pray take it for an answer:
In many ways, he sung her praise,
Love shot his Arrow through me,
Why did not he, do so to me,
love me, &c.

She made him such a strange reply,
he durst no more come near her,
Quoth he, I will go home and dye,
since there is nothing dearer.
The joys of all the Christian World,
(saith he) are nothing to me,
This death only, can set me free,
love me, &c.

He took his Bed he rag'd and burn'd
sure this must greatly grieve her,
His scorching love was quickly turn'd
into a burning Feaver:
And then he dy'd, but first he cry'd,
O! will she not come to me:
Then shed a tear, his last words were
love, me or you'll undo me.

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The Virgin when she heard the news
was very greatly troubled;
And when the Coffin'd Corps she views,
her woes were all redoubled:
And hast thou dy'd for me, she cry'd,
thou hast in love out-run me
Too late I may thus sadly say,
Thy Death hath quite undone me.

Had I a thousand Worlds, I would
give them all to restore thee,
For I am guilty of thy blood,
how dare I stand before thee,
I am a Murderess, woe is me,
let all true lovers shun me,
And I must cry until I dye,
thy Death, &c.

It is in vain for me to live,
thy memory will haunt me,
I only have a short reprieve,
thy sorrows daily dunt me:
Where'er thy dead Corps do lye,
since thou in Death hast won me;
I will be laid a woful Maid,
Thy death, &c.

With that the tears fell from her Eyes,
she could no longer bear it,
For love and death doth tyrannize,
she could no longer bear it:
Pray have me home to bed, she cry'd,
my sorrows over-tune me,
I am rewarded for my Pride,
Thy death, &c.

She took her bed, and in her head,
a thousand frantick Dreams are,
Sadly she lies, and in her Eyes,
a hundred flowing streams are:
What wretched Soul am I, said she,
O whether am I going:
Poor Soul she cry'd, and so she dy'd,
thy death, &c.

Let all fair Maids that are in love,
by this poor Soul take warning,
Lest that like her, you sadly prove,
the purchase of her scorning,
Let all by this mend what's amiss,
before Grief over-run ye;
Lest you be forc'd to dye and cry,
thy death hath quite undone me.